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ISSN 1461 2089
9 771461 208984 63

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The soul survivor of a missing patrol returns to her convent blessed with the holy power of Sigmar. Shadowlord beware!

ULLI & MARQUAND

Life in the penal legion is tough and most will do anything to escape – including stabbing their 'friends' in the back!

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BLOODQUEST

Three mysterious knights, make their way into the infernal Chaos wastes in search of the Forever Battle.

INQUISITOR GRIMM

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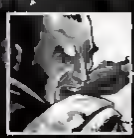

TITAN

With the skaven poised to break the Empire line there is only one hope – Ervin De Hekate and the crew of the Imperius Dictatio!

A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

PRODUCT CODE: 6071 0299 028

EDITORIAL Marc Gascoigne, Christian Dunn and Matt Ralphs PRODUCTION Darius Hinks and Dan Drane
COVERS Ephrael Von Stern by Patrick Goddard, Lee Townsend and Len O'Grady, Maless Darkblade by Wayne Reynolds and Richard Elson.

GW BARCODE

5 011921 945436

WARHAMMER MONTHLY penthemonthly issue 63, Christmas 2002. Published by Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Rd, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK.
Email us: publishing@games-workshop.co.uk Internet: http://www.games-workshop.com and: http://www.blacklibrary.com
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PUBLISHING@GAMES-WORKSHOP.CO.UK WWW.BLACKLIBRARY.COM

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

'There's something very important I forgot to tell you.'

'What?'

'Don't cross the streams.'

Although I didn't realise it at the time, Egon Spengler's immortal words from the first Ghostbusters movie would come back and haunt me later in life. How? Flash back to a year ago. Warhammer Monthly issue 50 had just come out and the early signs were that it was going to be a runaway success.

Which presented me with a problem.

Now you'd think that doing our first ever giant-sized issue featuring our first ever colour strip, the return of The Redeemer and the debut episode of the final book of Bloodquest could hardly cause any problems but it did. A good problem.

We had to do something even more spectacular next year. We had to go one better and top what we'd achieved with issue 50. We had to put out the best darned issue of Warhammer Monthly ever. Various ideas were bounced around, some good, some bad, some which were absolutely dreadful and some which were utterly insane (if you don't believe me then see page 38). And then came the bombshell.

'Why don't we have the characters switch universes for an issue?'

I'm sure the gasp that greeted this particular suggestion could be heard in China.

'But... but... you can't do that,' they said.

'Why not?' came the reply.

'Because the Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 universes are entirely separate. If you do this then people will want to field their Dark Eldar armies in Warhammer and have Mannfred von Carstein as a special character in their Imperial Guard army. The web forum will light up with people demanding a crossover between Kal Jerico and Hellbrandt Grimm and a Ragnar Blackmane guest appearance in the next Gotrek and Felix novel.'

'No they won't. All we have to do is explain to them in no uncertain terms that this is a one-time only deal. That for one issue, and one issue only, the characters switch universes and then the status quo is restored. So why can't we do it?'

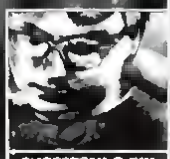
'Because... because...'

Checkmate.

And thus the wheels were set in motion, writers were briefed, artists were assigned, the streams were crossed and all life as we know it did not stop instantaneously and every molecule in our bodies didn't explode at the speed of light. In fact it all turned out rather well. But it does leave us with one problem: how do we top it next year?

Which reminds me, I must call Dan Abnett and find out how he's getting on with that twenty page Lone Wolves story...

Christian Dunn
Editor



CHRISTIAN DUNN

There's a trendy new post-modern way of approaching creative work, whether it's films, music or cuisine. You take strands from all different styles, or background sources, and you mix them together to create something wild new and hey! really cool. 'Fusion', some folks call it. But they better not use words like that near us if they know what's healthy.

Taking your favourite characters and setting their stories somewhere else has been around for donkey's years. It's possibly uncool to admit it, but some of us at the Black Library remember all those Michael Moorcock novels and Justice League comics of the 1970s when just this sort of malarkey went on all the time. But even that's too modern a take, because there were probably even Victorian parlour games where one did just that. So this sort of genre-hopping fun isn't trendy... but it sure is entertaining.

MARC GASCOIGNE

The real difficulty for those cadaverous wretches, the BL editorial acolytes, was not in working out which characters could bear to be 'warped'... but in deciding which of our many favourites to leave out. The arguments were long and vocal. And also horribly violent. We do hope we've managed to justice to your own personal favourite. If not, drop us a line. You never know, one day we may be mad enough to try this again!

Marc Gascoigne
Publisher

THE HOLY CONVENT OF THE ORDER OF MERCIFUL SISTERS OF SIGMAR
ATOP THE ISLAND PROMONTORY OF SIGMAR'S ROCK IN
MORDHEIM - CITY OF THE DAMNED
HOLY MOTHER! A SISTER HAS RETURNED FROM MATRIARCH OPHELIA'S LOST PATROL!

EPHRAEL VON STERN - SISTER OF SIGMAR

STORY: JONATHAN GREEN · PENCILS: PATRICK GODDARD
INKS: DYLAN TEAGUE & LEE TOWNSEND · LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

FOUR DAYS AGO, MATRIARCH OPHELIA'S WARBAND OF WHICH YOU WERE A PART SET OUT ON A ROUTINE PATROL OF THE CHAOS-CURSED RUINS BEYOND THE WALLS OF THIS BLESSED SANCTUARY.
THE PATROL WAS EXPECTED TO RETURN BEFORE NIGHTFALL. SISTER VON STERN IT IS THE WISH OF THIS COUNCIL TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
WHO ATTACKED YOU? WAS IT THE ANT-KIN? THE ACCURSED FOLLOWERS OF THE DARK ONE? WHO?
WHAT HAPPENED TO MATRIARCH OPHELIA?
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN FOR THE LAST FOUR DAYS?

EPHRAEL, WE WOULD HAVE THE TRUTH.
AS WOULD I
THE TRUTH IS...
I HAVE NO MEMORY OF THE LAST FOUR DAYS I DO NOT RECALL WHERE WE WENT, I DO NOT KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO MY SISTERS. I CANNOT REMEMBER ANYTHING!

THE ONLY THING I REMEMBER AFTER LEAVING THE CONVENT TO SET OUT ON PATROL IS... REACHING THE BRIDGE ON MY RETURN!
THE REST IS HIDDEN FROM ME BY DARKNESS.
HOLY MOTHER, I WOULD ADVISE CAUTION. HOW DO WE KNOW THAT SHE SPEAKS WITH AN HONEST HEART?
SHE HAS AS MUCH AS ADMITTED THAT THERE IS DARKNESS IN HER SOUL BY SAYING SO SHE HAS CONDEMNED HERSELF!
SHE COULD HAVE FALLEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF SOME MALIGN POWER. SHE MIGHT HAVE BECOME A PAWN OF THE POSSESSED, WORKING TO ACCOMPLISH THEIR DARK DESIGNS--WHETHER WITTINGLY OR UNWITTINGLY!
WE MUST SAFEGUARD THE SECURITY AND PURITY OF OUR HOLY SANCTUARY WITHIN THIS WASTELAND OF EVIL.
SISTER ELAINA, WHAT SAY YOU? IS SISTER VON STERN AN AGENT OF EVIL?
THERE IS NO TAINT OF CHAOS WITHIN HER... WAIT. I UNAIN!
SIGMAR'S HAMMER! WHAT IS IT?
I SEE OUR BLESSED SISTERS AND THEIR DAEMON-KILLER ALLIES BATTLING THE SERVANTS OF THE DARK EMPEROR!
AT THE SIGN OF THE GALLOW'S GUEST SHALL YOU FIND THEM. AT THE SIGN OF THE GALLOW'S GUEST
PRAISE BE! LORD SIGMAR HAS GRANTED SISTER ELAINA A VISION! BUT WHAT CAN IT MEAN?
DURING ONE OF MY WARBAND'S PATROLS I HAVE SEEN THE RUINS OF AN INN THAT WENT BY THE NAME OF "THE HANGED MAN"
IT SOUNDS AS IF THAT IS WHERE WE SHOULD BEGIN OUR SEARCH TO DISCOVER THE TRUTH OF WHAT HAPPENED TO OPHELIA, AND INDEED SISTER VON STERN
KATARIN. LEAD YOUR WARBAND BACK INTO THE CITY. TAKE SISTER VON STERN WITH YOU. FIND THE INN AND AVENGE OUR LOST SISTERS.
FOR IT IS OUR HOLY DUTY TO HUNT DOWN AND DESTROY ALL FOLLOWERS OF THE PRINCE OF THIS DAEMON-BLIGHTED CITY.
AS YOU COMMAND, HOLY MOTHER.
AND MAY SIGMAR GO WITH YOU.

THIS IS FAMILIAR TO ME. I RECOGNISE THE ROUTE WE ARE TAKING.
BUT WHAT WILL WE FIND AT ITS END? WILL IT LEAD US TO VENGEANCE OR BETRAYAL?
REMEMBER THIS, SISTER VON STERN. IF YOU DO BETRAY US I WILL KILL YOU MYSELF. IN SIGMAR'S NAME, I SWEAR IT!
HOLD, WITCH!
WITCH-HUNTERS! MADMEN WHO BELIEVE THEY DO LORD SIGMAR'S WORK!
HOLD YOUR TONGUE, BLASPHEMER!
I AM SILAS HANDSCHARF AND I SHALL DELIVER SIGMAR'S FIERY RETRIBUTION UNTO YOU. FOR ARE YOU NOT HERETICS ALL, SECRET WORSHIPPERS OF THE NEW DARK EMPEROR OF THIS FESTERING CITY OF THE DAMNED?
WHAT EVIDENCE DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE SUCH BLASPHEMOUS CLAIMS?
SILENCE, HERETIC! HOW ELSE COULD YOUR CORRUPT STRONGHOLD THAT MASQUERADES AS A TEMPLE OF WORSHIP HAVE SURVIVED THE DESTRUCTION RAINED DOWN UPON THIS CITY OF SIN BY SIGMAR'S OWN FURY!
AND NOW WE FIND YOU MAKING YOUR WAY TOWARDS ONE OF THE SECRET TEMPLES OF THE VILE CHAOS-CULT THAT HOLDS SWAY HERE! WHAT MORE EVIDENCE DO WE NEED?
AND WHERE MIGHT THIS CULTIST TEMPLE BE, THEN?
SILAS YOU CANNOT TRICK ME WITH YOUR CUNNING WILES! BENEATH THE HANGED MAN INN, OF COURSE WE HAVE HAD THAT DEN OF INIQUITY STAKED OUT FOR DAYS, WAITING TO MAKE OUR MOVE AGAINST THE FOUL FOLLOWERS OF THE SPAWN OF EVIL-
AND NOW YOU ARE MINE!
SONS OF SIGMAR, SUFFER YE NOT A WITCH TO LIVE!
ATTACK!

SIGMAR'S TEETH! WHAT IS THIS? THE DAMNED COME TO THE AID OF THE CHAOS CONCUBINES!
NO! THEY COME TO MEET THEIR DEATHS AT OUR HANDS, FOR THEY ARE LIVING BLASPHEMIES- AN AFFRONT TO SIGMAR'S WILL- AND OUR SWORN ENEMIES!
THUD!
URGHH!
RAAAASH!
ARRGGHH!
UNNHH!
CLANG!
YAAAAHHH!
SHUNK!
KRACK!
SLLCKK!
EEEEEEE!

HRRAAGH!
SKREEEEE!

DIE, MUTANT!
AAARRRKKK!
KKRACK!

WHAT IS GOING ON, BROTHER, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!
THIS TRULY MUST BE A REALM OF MADNESS, FOR INDEED, WHY ELSE WOULD THESE HELL-HAGS SIDE WITH US AGAINST THE HERETICS IF THEY TRULY FOLLOW THE SHADOWLORD?

SKKRREEE!
WHAT-?

CRACK!
UUNGH!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE! HERETIC OR SAINT, I WOULD KNOW WHAT YOU ARE
I AM EPHRAEL VON STERN, SISTER OF SIGMAR!

THIS ALLIANCE LASTS ONLY UNTIL OUR WORK HERE IS DONE. AGREED?
AGREED
EDEN
I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE I AM SURE OF IT.
NOW WE APPROACH THE TRUE HEART OF DARKNESS.
YOU HAVE RETURNED SISTER STERN AS I KNEW YOU WOULD.
MATRIARCH OPHELIA? WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DO I STILL LIVE WHILST YOU DO NOT? I CANNOT REMEMBER ANYTHING!
PEACE, CHILD. BE NOT AFRAID. I WILL ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS SO THAT YOU MAY FULLY PLAY YOUR PART IN ALL THIS.
OUR PATROL DISCOVERED THE LOCATION OF THIS HIDDEN CULTIST TEMPLE BUT WE WERE OVERWHELMED BY THE POSSESSED EVENTUALLY ONLY YOU REMAINED THEN IT WAS THAT I MY SOUL SEPERATED FROM MY MORTAL BODY COMMANDED YOU TO FLEE
THE PURITY OF THE SOULS OF YOUR SISTERS FILLED YOU WITH THEIR DIVINE ENERGY, GIVING YOU THE STRENGTH TO FIGHT YOUR WAY FREE AND ESCAPE!
IT IS AS I SUSPECTED ALL ALONG. MEMORIES OF BEING HERE BEFORE, STRANGE BEHAVIOUR, COMMUNING WITH HER FAMILIAR SPIRITS? THIS ONE IS A CONSORT OF CHAOS-
AND SHE MUST DIE!

YOU WOULD KNOW WHAT I AM? THEN KNOW THIS! MY SISTERS SACRIFICED THEMSELVES THAT I MIGHT LIVE, THAT IN TIME I MIGHT BECOME A LIVING WEAPON OF LIGHT WITH WHICH TO FIGHT THE DARKNESS!
NOW I HAVE RETURNED THEIR SOULS ARE WITH ME- AND THAT TIME HAS COME!
IN NOMINE DOMINUM UMBRAE-
LOYAL SERVANTS OF SIGMAR, PURGE THE TAINT OF CHAOS FROM THIS PLACE!
SISTERS, FORWARD!
MEN, THIS IS OUR HOUR! ATTACK!
RRAARRGGHH!
SIGMAR, PRESERVE ME!
GGHAAAHHN!
HHHNNNN!
TASTE COLD, HOLY STEEL, THRICE-CURSED DAEMON-SPAWN!
URHH-
EEOOOHH-
AND SUFFER THE JUDGEMENT OF SIGMAR, AS DELIVERED BY SILAS HAMMERHAND, WITCH-HUN-
RROOOWW!
SNAP!
SKLLLTCH!
SILAS! NOOO!!
URGGHH-

SISTER VON STERN-
REST NOW. DON'T TRY TO SPEAK.
DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS. URRR..
SISTERS, HEAR ME NOW! LET ME AVENGE YOUR DEATHS AND THE DEATHS OF ALL THOSE SLAIN HERE. AID ME NOW!
I CAN FEEL IT- THE POWER OF LORD SIGMAR HIMSELF FILLS ME!
NOW DIE SHADOW-SPAWN!
SKKZZZ!
CRACKLE!
BAKOOOMMM!
MAY SIGMAR WELCOME YOU INTO HIS HALLS IN GLORY, SILAS HANOSCHAFF
NOW!
SISTER VON STERN! WHAT NOW?
NOW WE TAKE THE CLEANSING FIRE OF SIGMAR TO THE HEART OF THE EVIL AT THE VERY CENTRE OF THIS CITY OF THE DAMNED
TO THAT NEST OF DEAMONS AND THE MASTER OF THE POSSESSED HIMSELF
TO THE PIT!
THE END

ENTER IF YOU WILL A WORLD OF STEEL AND PAIN WHERE THE PENAL REGIMENT KNOWN AS THE EXPENDABLES HAS BEEN ORDERED TO CAPTURE THE ORK SUPERGUN DA
ULLI & MARQUAND ARE
THE EXPENDABLES
SCUMBAGS, CHEATS, AND CUTTHROATS FORCED BY THE IMPERIUM INTO JOINING THE EXPENDABLES AMONG THEIR NUMBER ARE THE INFAMOUS MARQUAND VOLKER AND ULLI LEITFOLD!
FRIEND MARQUAND, WE ARE PAYING FOR A LIFESTYLE CHOICE OF SPACE PIRACY!
AS SURE AS THE HAIRS ON YOUR MOTHER'S CHIN, ULLI ISN'T IT ALWAYS THE WAY?
AARGH!
ENOUGH OF YOUR YAPPING WE'RE AT THE GUN WALL!
LOAD HER UP!
STANDARD PENAL BATTALLION ISSUE IS ONE SMALL CHIEF! MAKE THE MOST OF IT!
BOOOOM!

STORY JIM ALEXANDER · ART STEVE ROBERTS · LETTERING FIONA STEPHENSON

CHARGGGE!
D'YOU THINK THEY'RE PLEASED TO SEE US?
HOPE NOT. YOU EVER HAD A BODY HUG FROM AN ORK?!

UNLIKE THEIR GUARDS, EXPENDABLES START A CAMPAIGN VIRTUALLY WEAPONLESS.
RELYING ON WHATEVER COMES TO HAND
KRUMP!
GRAB THE GUN!

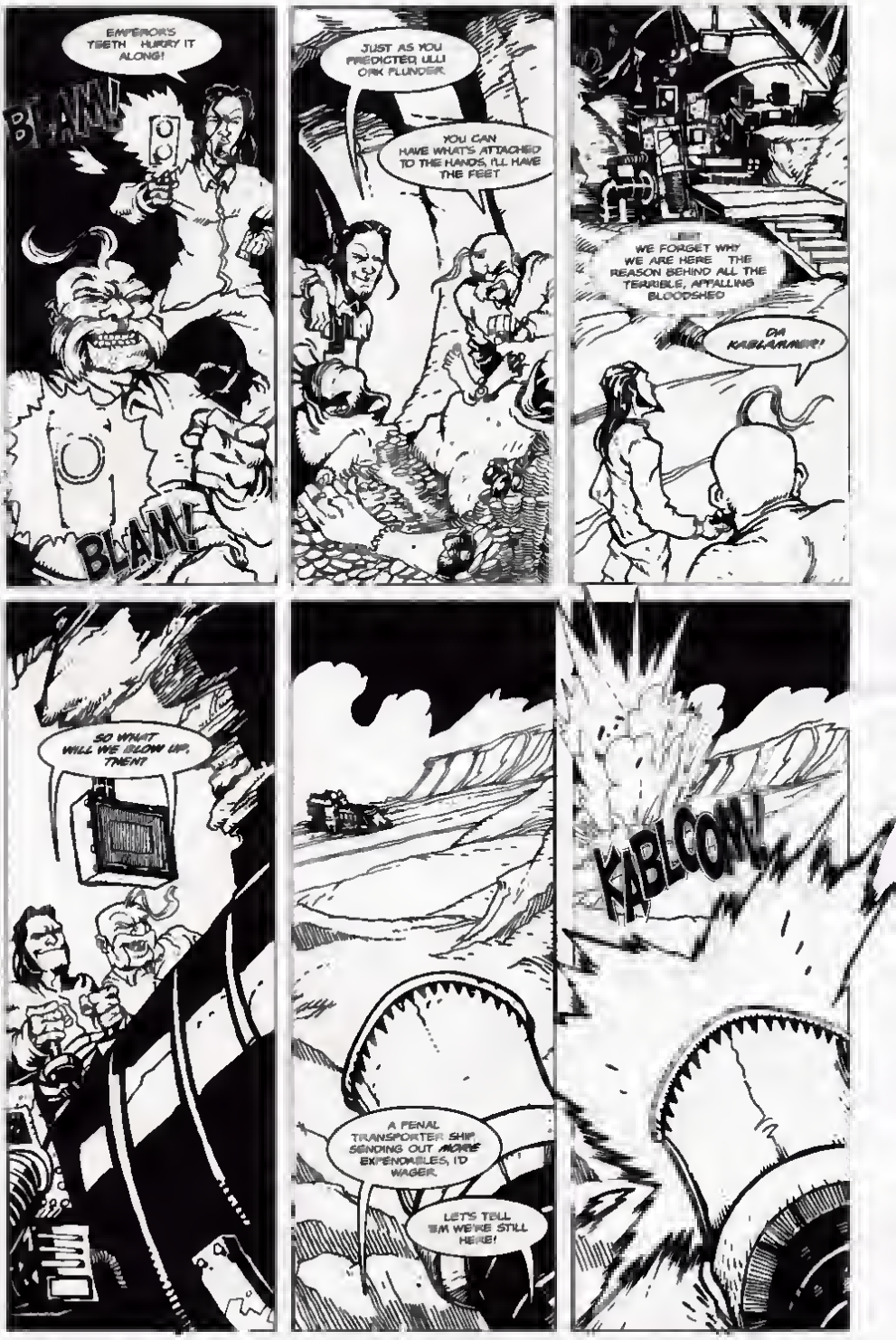
GET INTO THEM!

KRAK!

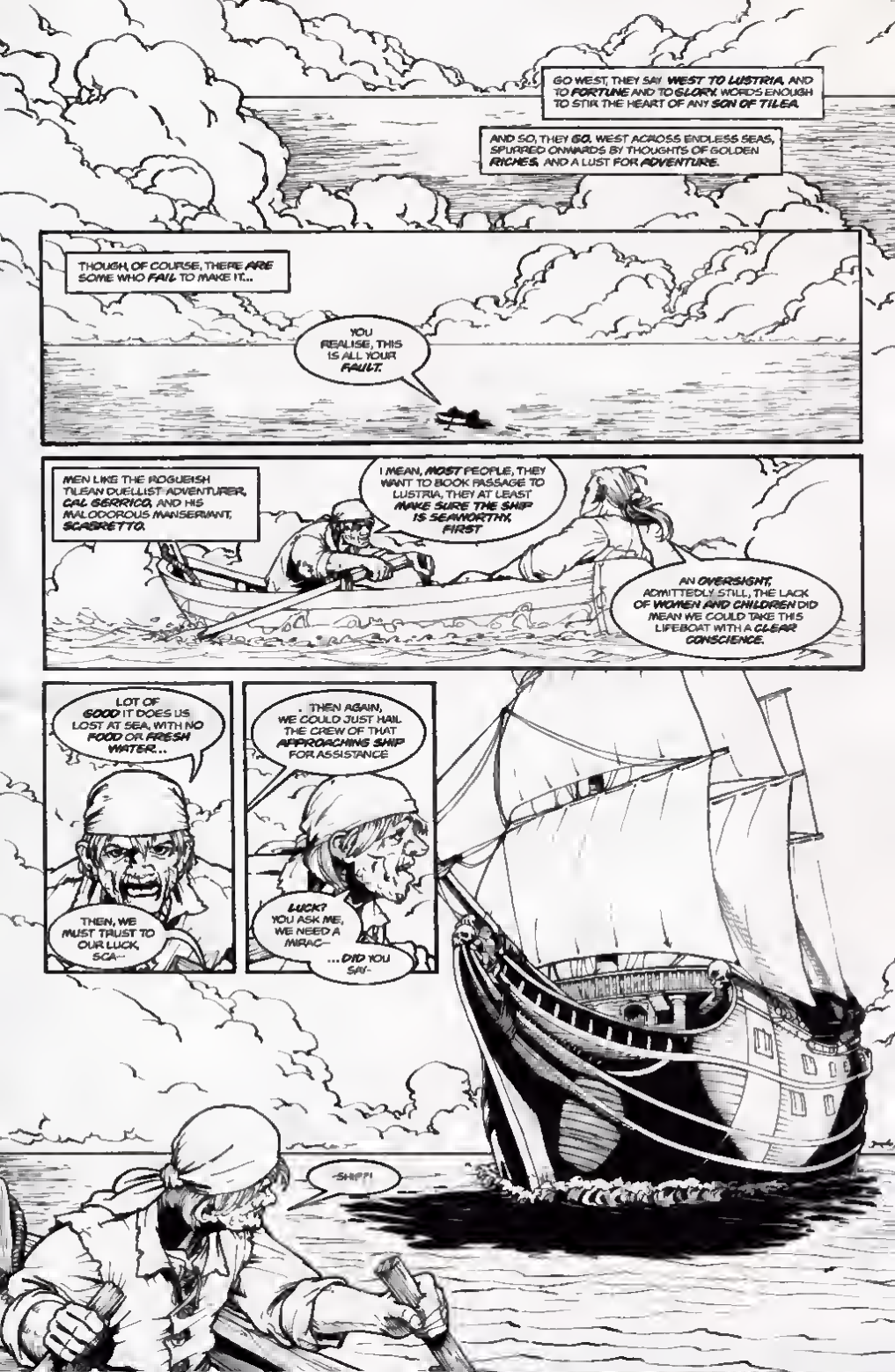
I'LL GIVE THAT *EIGHT* OUT OF *TEN!*
SMAK!
BUT THIS IS A *NINE!*
WE'VE FOUGHT OUR WAY INSIDE! THE LAST ORK IS DOWN! AND ALL OUR GUARDS ARE DEAD!
SO WHY SHOOT THEM AGAIN?
JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE
KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS-?
NO-ONE TO SHOOT, BOMB, OR GAS US IF WE RUN AWAY!
AND-?
WE CAN HELP OURSELVES TO ANY ORK PLUNDER SHINY BAUBLES 'N LOVELY TREASURE!
AND ?
THAT *WE'RE* IN CHARGE!
SAY AGAIN? TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU TWO SCUMBAGS-
HA! I'D *SPLIT* MY SIDE LAUGHING IF AN ORK HADN'T DONE IT ALREADY!

EVERYONE FOLLOW US!
'CEPT YOU TWO!
AAARGGHHHH
A PIT FULL OF POISON TIPPED SPIKES, THAT'S JUST SO... ORK
PERHAPS, FRIEND MARQUAND, WE SHOULD GO ANOTHER WAY
ULL! WHAT HAVE YEARS OF RAIDING MINOR SEGMENTUM TEMPUS ROUTES TAUGHT US OF ORK STRATEGY?
THAT THEY LIKE NOTHING MORE...
THAN HIDING ROUND CORNERS WAITING TO JUMP YOU!
LEAVE IT TO ME.
FELLOW EXPENDABLES NEED I REMIND YOU OF THE TERRORS OF ORK OCCUPATION SHOULD THEY WIN THIS WAR?...

A STRICT DIET OF ORK FOOD AND DRINK...
SQUIG PIE NO!
THE QUESTIONABLE PERSONAL HYGIENE...
BLEHH WORSE 'N' CHEMICAL WARFARE!
WORSE OF ALL THE ORK VICTORY SONG!
ON AND ON IT NEVER STOPS SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!
INTO THEM!
LET'S GIVE THEM A MINUTE.
THE VERY LEAST WE CAN DO.
A MINUTE LATER.
TWO WARRIORS LOCKED TOGETHER IN ETERNAL STRUGGLE...


EMPEROR'S TEETH HURRY IT ALONG!
BLAM!
JUST AS YOU PREDICTED, ULLI OAK PLUNDER.
YOU CAN HAVE WHAT'S ATTACHED TO THE HANDS, I'LL HAVE THE FEET
WE FORGET WHY WE ARE HERE THE REASON BEHIND ALL THE TERRIBLE, APTALLING BLOODSHED
OH KABLAMMER!
SO WHAT WILL WE BLOW UP, THEN?
A PENAL TRANSPORTER SHIP SENDING OUT MORE EXPENDABLES, I'D WAGER.
LET'S TELL 'EM WE'RE STILL HERE!
KABLOOM!

HA HA
HA HA
HA HA
THE IMPERIUM WILL KILL YOU FOR THAT
WHAT DYA MEAN I KILL ME? IT WAS YOUR IDEA- ALL OF IT.
IS THAT RIGHT? WHY I OUGHTA-
BLAM
BLAM
AND SO TAKE YOUR LEAVE OF THIS WORLD OF FIRE AND BLACKENED SKIES FAREWELL THEN TO THE INFAMOUS, NOW DECEASED MARQUAND VOLKER AND ULLI LEITPOLD
ULLI?
UUH..?
DEAD AT THE BACKSTABBING, MOTHER WORRYING HAND OF THE OTHER.
THE END


GO WEST, THEY SAY. WEST TO LUSTRIA, AND TO FORTUNE AND TO GLORY. WORDS ENOUGH TO STIR THE HEART OF ANY SON OF TILEA.
AND SO, THEY GO. WEST ACROSS ENDLESS SEAS, SPURRED ONWARDS BY THOUGHTS OF GOLDEN RICHES, AND A LUST FOR ADVENTURE.
THOUGH, OF COURSE, THERE ARE SOME WHO FAIL TO MAKE IT...
YOU REALISE, THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT.
MEN LIKE THE ROGUEISH TILEAN DUELLIST-ADVENTURER, CAL GERRICO, AND HIS MALODOROUS MANSERVANT, SCABRETTO.
I MEAN, MOST PEOPLE, THEY WANT TO BOOK PASSAGE TO LUSTRIA, THEY AT LEAST MAKE SURE THE SHIP IS SEAWORTHY, FIRST
AN OVERSIGHT, ADMITTEDLY STILL, THE LACK OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN DID MEAN WE COULD TAKE THIS LIFEBOAT WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.
LOT OF GOOD IT DOES US LOST AT SEA, WITH NO FOOD OR FRESH WATER...
THEN, WE MUST TRUST TO OUR LUCK, SCA--
. THEN AGAIN, WE COULD JUST HAIL THE CREW OF THAT APPROACHING SHIP FOR ASSISTANCE
LUCK? YOU ASK ME, WE NEED A MIRAC--
...DID YOU SAY-
-SHIP!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WE'RE SAVED! SAVED!
BELIEVE IT, SCABRETTO. FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, I'D SAY OUR LUCK WAS ABOUT TO CHANGE FOR THE BETT--
ah
"THEN AGAIN."
CAL GERRICO in PIRATES
LOOKS LIKE WE CAUGHT US A COUPLE OF MINNOWS, SHIPMATES. WHAT SAY YOU DO WE THROW 'EM BACK IN-
-OR HAVE SOME FUN WITH 'EM FIRST.
FEED 'EM QUICKLIME. I WANT TO SEE IT EAT THEIR GUTS OUT.
NO. GIVE 'EM THIRTY LASHES APIECE, THEN ROLL 'EM IN SALT.
I SAY WE MAKE 'EM FIGHT TO THE DEATH, THEN FEED THE WINNER TO THE SHARKS.
STORY MITCHEL SCANLON
ART DANIEL LAPHAM
LETTERING FIONA STEPHENSON

ALL VERY ENTERTAINING OPTIONS, I'M SURE, MY FRIENDS. BUT SURELY YOU CAN FIND BETTER USES FOR A COUPLE OF ABLE-BODIED MEN?
AS FELLOW CREWMEN, SIR?
HH. WE FOLLOW PIRATE LAW HERE, MY PRETTY LAD. AND THAT LAW SAYS THERE AIN'T BUT ONE WAY FOR A MAN TO JOIN A PIRATE CREW.
YOU'VE GOT TO PROVE YOUR WORTH IN A DUEL BEFORE THE MAST
A DUEL, YOU SAY?
WELL, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN FIND SOMEONE FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO CHALLENGE M--
I'LL FIGHT THE PRETTY BOY.
VERY WELL THEN, MY OCULARLY CHALLENGED FRIEND, THE CHOICE OF WEAPON IS YOURS: CUTLASS, PISTOL OR KNIFE?
BOARDING PIKES.
I SEE. SHALL WE FOLLOW CUSTOM THEN, AND SHAKE HANDS BEFORE WE DUEL--
...PERHAPS NOT.
YOU ALWAYS DID HAVE A SMART TONGUE, GERRICO. MAYBE I'LL USE IT AS A HOOK-SWAB AFTER I KILL YOU
MY OPPONENT SEEMS TO BE TAKING THIS ALL RATHER PERSONALLY, SCABRETTO. DO WE KNOW THE SON OF A SEA-DOG?
THAT'S DAHL VAN FEG, CAL. THE PIT FIGHTER? I'M SURPRISED YOU DON'T REMEMBER HIM-
-IT WAS YOU WHO CUT HIS HAND OFF, AFTER ALL.
NOT SO SURPRISING REALLY, SCABRETTO-

"I CAN HARDLY BE EXPECTED TO REMEMBER EVERY HOOK-HANDED, ONE-EYED PSICHOTIC WHO HAPPENS TO HAVE A GRUDGE AGAINST ME."
YAAAAHHH!
WHOOOSH!!
CHAK!
I DON'T HEAR THAT SMART TONGUE OF YOURS, PRETTY BOY! AND I WANT TO HEAR IT-
SHRING!
I WANT TO HEAR IT SCREAM!
KRAASH!!
oof
BORGIO'S BACKSIDE! HOW'S A MAN SUPPOSED TO FIGHT WITH THIS INFERNAL DEVICE--
I THINK YOU'RE SPOSED TO STICK HIM WITH THE SHARP END, CAL.
THANK YOU, SCABRETTO. I SOMETIMES WONDER HOW I WOULD EVER SURVIVE THIS TROUBLED WORLD-
WERE IT NOT FOR YOUR REMARKABLE TALENT FOR STATING THE OBVIOUS.
STILL WITH THE SMART TONGUE EH, PRETTY BOY? I DON'T HEAR IT SCREAMING YET THOUGH-
CHOK!

HERE, MAYBE THIS'LL HELP!
WHOK
NO?
THEN HOW ABOUT THI--
SSLIP
OH SH--
SHHLITCHHH!!!
CONGRATULATIONS, SHIPMATE. YOU'RE ONE OF US NOW. SHAME ABOUT OLD DAHL, A 'COURSE, THOUGH, BETWEEN YOU AND ME-
-HE NEVER WAS THE SHARPEST TOOL IN THE BOX.
'COURSE, YOU STILL GOT TO SWEAR THE PIRATE OATH BEFORE THE CAPTAIN. BUT HOW ABOUT A DRAM FIRST?
I TAKE IT THIS IS THE FAMOUS PIRATE RUM?
AYE, WE BREWS IT OURSELVES, FROM FISHHEADS AND SEAWEED. GOOD FOR WHATEVER AILS A MAN-
-AND FOR CLEANING THE TARNISH FROM SILVER BESIDES

WELL THEN, A TOAST, GENTLEMEN TO NEWFOUND FRIENDS.
DON'T FORGET 'OLD ACQUAINTANCES', CAL.
-I KNOW. I NEVER DO.
YOLANDA CATALLI?!
oh scav
THAT'S CAPTAIN CATALLI TO YOU, BILGE RAT.
AND, IF YOU THINK I'D LET AN OATH-BREAKING SCUM-SUCKER LIKE YOU JOIN MY CREW, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMING.
SURELY YOU'RE NOT STILL ANGRY ABOUT THAT WEDDING BUSINESS...
ANGRY!? AT BEING JILTED AT THE ALTER AND SEEING MY FAMILY RUINED BY THE SCANDAL? NOT AT ALL. BUT WE FOLLOW PIRATE LAW HERE, CAL--
YES, YES. I KNOW. SO THEN! CUTLASS, PISTOL, KNIFE, OR IS IT TO BE BOARDING PIKES AGAIN?
THE ONLY CHOICE YOU HAVE, CAL, IS WHETHER TO LET YOURSELF DROWN BEFORE THE BARNACLES RIP YOU TO PIECES.
WE KEELHAUL OATH-BREAKERS HERE
THEN, PERHAPS YOU ARE UNFAMILIAR WITH GERRICO'S LAW, YOLANDA-
-ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE, WAR, AND ESCAPING IMMINENT DEATH.
GERRICO! YOU BACKSTABBING SON OF A--
OPEN THAT SPIGOT, SCABRETTO! QUICKLY!
WHOOOMP!
SHOOOSH

WHAT NOW, CAL?
NOW, MY ODORIFEROUS FRIEND, I SUGGEST YOU PUSH-
-UNLESS YOU THINK YOUR STARTLING AROMA IS ENOUGH TO HOLD A GANG OF OUTRAGED PIRATES BACK.
JUMP FOR IT, SCABRETTO! SWIM FOR THE LIFEBOAT!
ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'LL NEVER OUTRUN THEM IN THAT THING!
CONSIDERING WHERE THAT BARREL'S HEADED-
-I DOUBT WE'LL NEED TO.
THOOOOM!!!
HMM, LANDED IN THE SHIP'S MAGAZINE, FROM THE LOOKS OF IT...
-KOFF- YOU SEEM PLEASED WITH YOURSELF.
YES, WELL, IT'S NOT EVERY DAY A MAN ESCAPES CERTAIN DEATH.
HMM. ESCAPED BACK TO CERTAIN DEATH, MORE LIKE IT. NO FOOD. NO WATER. MILES FROM LAND. YOU ASK ME, WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED.
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, SCABRETTO. ALL THE SAME, I WOULD BE GRATEFUL IF YOU WOULD DO SOMETHING FOR ME IN WHAT COULD BE OUR LAST DAYS TOGETHER.
WHAT'S THAT, CAL?
SHUT UP AND START ROWING.
THE END

IT WAS HIGH SUMMER IN SKURMINAL, NOTORIOUS CITY OF CHAOS WHEN THE KABAL OF THE DARK BLADE CAME RAIDING...
ONWARD! ONWARD! SPLINTER THEIR SOULS!
FELLOW REAVERS! A SIGNAL FROM OUR LORD! WE HAVE DONE ENOUGH! IT IS TIME TO PULL OUT!
Maless Darkblade
Script: Dan Abnett Art: Kev Hopgood

EARRSHH!
PULL OUT? *PULL OUT?* I SAY WHEN IT IS TIME TO-
--UGHHHN!
GRH!
WHO'S WITH ME?
THE CRUCIBLES WHISPERED THERE WOULD BE GREAT TREASURE HERE IN *SKURMINAL*! I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL I FIND IT!
BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!
BITE THEM, SPITE.
ZZ-CHOW!
CHOW!
CHOW!

NOBLE STEED!
THIS WAY!
WHHHTAASSSHH!

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
IT REEKS OF POWER. MY SOUL SAYS THE TREASURE LIES HERE SOMEWHERE...
SPREAD OUT!
SEE! SEE HERE!
"...STEP FORWARD, INTO THE VAULT OF WISHES AND BECOME AS A GOD."
A GOD! I LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT!
WHAT SAY YOU, MALESS?
EARGHH!
ZCHAM!
GREAT DARKNESS! MALESS? WHAT ARE YOU-
ARE YOU MAD?
--AYYKKKK!

WHHHAPP!
SHKTNG!
GUHHH!
PAFF!
IF ANYONE'S GOING TO BECOME A GOD...
SSSCHOKK!

RRRMMBBBLLL!
...IT'S GOING TO BE ME.
AAAGHHH! WHAT IS THIS? WHAT IS THIS?
HURTS, DOESN'T IT?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME? ARE YOU... SOME DAEMON?
I AM A CHILD OF THE WARP, IMPRISONED FOR EONS, AND YOU HAVE RELEASED ME, MALESS OF DARK BLADE!
I HAVE POURED MYSELF INTO YOU! YOU ARE MY VESSEL OF VENGEANCE!
THROUGH YOU, I WILL WALK THE STARS AGAIN! I WILL CHANNEL MY ABOMINABLE POWER THROUGH YOUR BODY!
I WILL COMMIT CRUELTIES UNDREAMED OF!
EXCELLENT

WHAT?
I SAID EXCELLENT. I'M DELIGHTED. QUIVERING WITH ANTICIPATION.
MY...MY HOSTS DON'T USUALLY TAKE IT QUITE SO WELL.
THEN IT'S BEEN A DAY OF SURPRISES FOR BOTH OF US.
YOU'VE NEVER MET A HOST LIKE ME.
NOW, LOOK HERE, MALESS...
SHUT UP, DAEMON.
FIN

FROM THE SOUTH, THEY CAME, TRAVELLING EVER FURTHER INTO THE TERRIBLE PLACES OF THE NORTHERN WASTES.
THEY HAD ALREADY PASSED THROUGH THE TERRITORY OF THE KUL AND THE DOLGANS, FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH THE TRIBAL LANDS OF TOKMARS AND EVEN THOSE OF THE KURGAN.
YET STILL THEY KEPT HEADING NORTH.
IF IT WAS A FIGHT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR, THEN THEY HAD COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.
ONCE THERE HAD BEEN OTHERS, BUT NOW ONLY THESE THREE REMAINED-
HAH, MORE CHAOS WARBAND SCUM! BARELY WORTH THE KILLING, I THINK.
THAT OTHER KIND OF ADVERSARY DID YOU EXPECT TO FIND, BROTHER CLOTEN, THIS DEEP INTO THE CHAOS WASTES.
BLOOD DRAGON VAMPIRE KNIGHTS, EAGER TO TEST THEMSELVES IN ANY CHALLENGE WORTHY OF THEIR ABILITIES.
BLOODQUEST
UNWORTHY THEY MAY BE, BUT THEY MAY ALSO HAVE INFORMATION USEFUL TO US IN OUR QUEST.
STORY: GORDON RENNIE
ART: COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

AND, BESIDES, IT'S BEEN TOO MANY DAYS SINCE WE LAST SAW BATTLE, AND MY BLADE EDGE LOSES ITS FINE TEMPER IF IT IS NOT REGULARLY WETTED WITH BLOOD!
LEONATOS ONCE HE WAS A COMMANDER OF THE KNIGHTS PANTHER, IN THE HOLY SERVICE OF THE EMPIRE
NOW, ALL HE OBEYS IS HIS OWN BLOODLUST AND THE CALL OF THE STRANGE QUEST WHICH HAS BROUGHT HIM TO THESE BLEAK WASTES.
SEE? HEAR HOW IT SINGS WITH JOY AT THE KISS OF LIVING FLESH!
DYSANDER CENTURIES AGO, HE WAS A BRETONNIAN GRAIL KNIGHT AND SWORE HIS LIFE TO THE CAUSE OF THE GRAIL QUEST.
BUT THAT WAS BEFORE HE MET A BLOOD DRAGON KNIGHT NAMED LEONATOS, AND NOW HE FOLLOWS A FAR DIFFERENT KIND OF QUEST..
RAAAAAAAAAAARGH!
AND CHOTEK, ONCE A KNIGHT OF THE WHITE WOLF AND FANATICAL FOLLOWER OF THE FIERCE BATTLE GOD ULRIC..

EVEN HERE, DEEP INSIDE THE NORTHERN WASTES AND ON THE BORDER MARCHES OF THE VERY REALM OF CHAOS, FEW HAVE EVER SEEN SUCH BLOOD FRENZY AND SAVAGE KILLING POWER.
LITTLE WONDER THEN, THAT THE BATTLE ENDS AS IT DOES...
...LIKE I SAID, BARELY WORTH THE KILLING. WE COME ALL THIS WAY, AND THEY CAN'T EVEN BE BOTHERED GIVING US A DECENT FIGHT!
IT'S JUST AS WELL, CLOTEN, THAT ONE OF US REMEMBERED TO TAKE ONE ALIVE
WE SEEK THE FOREVER BATTLE. TELL US WHAT WE WANT, CHAOS FILTH, AND YOUR DEATH WILL AT LEAST BE QUICK.
THE FOREVER BATTLE? HAH, BETTER TO GIVE YOUR SWORD TO ME NOW BLOOD-LEACH, AND LET ME GRANT YOU A SWIFT AND MERCIFUL DEATH THAN FACE THE JOURNEY TO THAT PLACE.
STILL...
IF YOU INSIST ON GOING TO YOUR DEATHS...
SET YOUR FACE ALWAYS TOWARDS THE NORTH, TOWARDS THE PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO TRUE NIGHT NOR DAY, AND WHERE THE LAND SHIFTS BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES.
GO FAR ENOUGH IN THAT DIRECTION, BLOOD-LEACH, AND YOU WILL NOT NEED TO FIND THE FOREVER BATTLE, FOR IT WILL FIND YOU

SCHKKT
THANKS, CHAOS FILTH. AS HONOUR DEMANDS, I GRANT YOU THE SECOND PART OF THE BARGAIN STRUCK.
NORTH, THEN?
NORTH. TOWARDS THE REALM OF CHAOS AND THE FOREVER BATTLE, AND WHATEVER FATE AWAITS US THERE.
AND SO THEY RODE INTO THE JAWS OF CHAOS, ONLY THE LAWS OF ETERNAL STASIS GOVERNING THE EXISTENCE OF THE UNDEAD PROTECTING THEM IN A PLACE WHERE NO LIVING FLESH COULD SURVIVE UNALTERED BY THE WARPING POWER OF CHAOS.
WHO COULD SAY HOW LONG THEY TRAVELLED IN THIS PLACE WHERE TIME HAD NO MEANING?
WHO COULD SAY HOW FAR THEY TRAVELLED BEFORE THEY FOUND THE OBJECT OF THEIR QUEST?
YOU HEAR THAT? THE THUNDER OF THE CLASH OF ARMS, AND THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING.
AND THAT SMELL. THE SCENT OF FRESHLY-SPILLED BLOOD, CARRIED BY THE WIND AND GROWING MORE POWERFUL THE CLOSER WE GET.

YES, THE FOREVER BATTLE. IT EXISTS, AND AT LAST WE HAVE FOUND IT.
THE FOREVER BATTLE, A NEVER-ENDING FOUR-WAY CONTEST BETWEEN THE FORCES OF THE PRINCIPAL POWERS OF CHAOS.
ALLIANCES ARE MADE AND THEN BROKEN AT WHIM, THE FORTUNES OF WAR SWAY THIS WAY AND THAT AND THE BATTLE ROAMS CONTINUOUSLY FROM ONE END OF THE CHAOS WASTES TO ANOTHER, AS FRESH BATTLE-FODDER FLOCKS TO ANSWER THE CHAOS GODS CALL TO ARMS.
BUT, ALWAYS, THE BATTLE GOES ON FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER.

A BATTLE WITHOUT END...
WAR FOUGHT FOR ITS OWN SAKE, WITHOUT VICTORS OR VANQUISHED...
YES, A FINE CHALLENGE, IS IT NOT?
SO COME, BROTHERS. LET US SEE IF WE ARE WORTHY OF IT...
...OR, INDEED, IF PERHAPS IT IS WORTHY OF US!
THE THREE WARRIORS JOYOUSLY ABANDON THEMSELVES TO THE OVERPOWERING BLOOD-THIRST WHICH RISES UP WITHIN THEM...
COMBAT ETERNAL, WITH NO QUARTER ASKED NOR OFFERED.
SLAUGHTER WITHOUT EQUAL, A NEVER-DIMINISHING BLOOD-TIDE SWEEPING UP ALL BEFORE IT. WHAT GREATER CONFLICT COULD SUCH AS THEY EVER HOPE TO BE PART OF?
FOREVER, AND EVER AND EVER.
THE END

By necessity it was an ad hoc affair: an investigation made amid heedless cadavers, on a world likely already doomed. A gathering in the cause of judgement, hastily convened in a basement mortuary below the Apothecarium of His Infinite Mercy on the planet Trajan-III – a prosperous, if otherwise nondescript imperium world, on the Eastern Fringe of the Segmentum Tempestus..

AS IS **CUSTOMARY** IN SUCH INQUIRIES, WITNESSES HAD BEEN CALLED

TESTIMONY HAD BEEN HEARD AS TO HOW TRAJAN-III LAY WITHIN THE PROJECTED PATH OF A **BLACK CRUSADE**

NEWS THAT HAD BEEN **KEPT** FROM THE WIDER POPULACE LEST **PANIC** AND **CIVIL UNREST** DISRUPT PREPARATIONS FOR THE PLANET'S **DEFENCE**

NEXT, EVIDENCE WAS GIVEN AS TO HOW THESE PREPARATIONS HAD BEEN **UNDERMINED** BY **TREACHERY WITHIN**.

AS INSURGENTS AMONG THEM SOME OF TRAJAN-III'S MOST **PROMINENT** CITIZENS, HAD SEIZED CONTROL OF A **VAST** UNDERGROUND STORAGE FACILITY BENEATH THE PLANET'S EQUATORIAL DESERTS

BEGIN.

AND THEN IT CAME TIME FOR TROOPER HEINRIK TO

THEY CALLED IT **SAFEHAVEN**. THIRTY MILES OF UNDERGROUND TUNNELS, WAREHOUSES AND BUNKERS HOUSING THOUSANDS OF TONS OF FUEL, AMMUNITION AND OTHER SUPPLIES **VITAL** TO THE PLANET'S DEFENCE

S

TO **WHY** THE REBELS HAD TAKEN IT.

WHETHER THEY WERE **COWARDS** HOPING TO SIT OUT THE COMING INVASION IN SAFETY OR **TRAITORS** IN LEAGUE WITH THE DARK POWERS - WE NEITHER KNEW **NOR** CARED.

WE WERE **SOLDIERS**. ALL WE KNEW WAS IT WAS OUR JOB TO TAKE IT **BACK**.

INQUISITOR GRIMM

STORY: MITCHEL SCANLON • ART: THE SHARP BROS • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

THOUGH SOON, WORD CAME THE ASSAULT WOULD BE LED BY A MAN **ADEPT** IN THE CAPTURE AND **INTERROGATION** OF PRISONERS.

AS COMM-LINKS CRACKLED AND THE ORDER WAS GIVEN

'INFORM THE TROOPS'

-THE INQUISITOR HAS ARRIVED.
UNDER STRICT ORDERS THE SUPPLIES WITHIN WERE TO BE PRESERVED AT ALL COST AND ISSUING INSTRUCTIONS TO SEAL THE ENTRANCE BEHIND US, THE INQUISITOR LED US INTO SAFEHAVEN THEN.
LED US DOWN INTO DANK AND ECHOING TUNNELS-
-PAST THE BODIES OF THOSE SLAIN IN THE REBELS INITIAL ASSAULT
HSSS
AND THOUGH BEFORE LONG WE FOUND OUR PROGRESS BLOCKED-
INQUISITOR GRIMM WAS NOT A MAN TO BE DISCOURAGED.
-SKREEEEE-
IT WAS THEN WE MADE OUR FIRST CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY.
THOUGH IT WAS NOT TO BE IN THE MANNER EXPECTED.
NO! PLEASE!
DON'T HURT US-
KILL THEM.
CHA-CHAKK

NO! YOU CANNOT JUST SHOOT UNARMED INNOCENTS--
INNOCENTS, BOY?
CHOCOM!
THERE ARE NO INNOCENTS HERE.
GENESTEALERS!
FROM THE GANTRIES ABOVE US, AND FROM HIDING PLACES AMONG THE REBELS - THEIR CULTISTS - THEY CAME
CHA-CHAKK
STAR-BORN HORRORS, CLAW-LIMBED AND EAGER.
INHUMAN PREDATORS-
AH!
-EVER AVID FOR THE KILL.
sweet emperor...

CHHOOOM!!
KEEP YOUR PRAYERS FOR LATER, BOY-
FWOOOSH
-WE'RE NOT DEAD YET.
SSHH-
SQUATCHEEE!
THANG! THANG G!
HEAR THAT? THEY'RE TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH--
HH. THEN, GUARD THE DOOR-
-WHILE I LOOK FOR A MORE PERMANENT SOLUTION TO OUR PROBLEMS.
BUT THOUGH THE INQUISITOR HAD WON US TIME BY HIS EXERTIONS, IT WOULD NOT BE ENOUGH.
FOR TIME IS EQUAL FOR ALL THINGS AND IN THE TIME A MAN TAKES TO CATCH HIS BREATH-
A TREACHEROUS SEED MAY GROW.
YOU'D BETTER LET ME LOOK AT THAT HEINRIK THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN POISON IN THAT THING'S STINGER.
NO NOT POISON SOMETHING MORE POTENT.
A CONVERGENCE OF THOUGHT AND DEED: A SENSE OF KINSHIP-
-AND UNDERSTANDING
PSHH
OPEN
HEINRIK?!

NO! WHAT ARE YOU DO--
SSHHH
I... I AM... SORRY, INQUISITOR...
I'M SORRY TOO, BOY.
BRAK
...
SHINK--
FOOOOMM!!
YOU WILL FORGIVE ME INQUISITOR
BUT WHAT LOVING MOTHER COULD BEAR TO SEE HARM COME TO HER CHILD
HKK
ESPECIALLY WHEN IT WAS IN THE HOPE OF AVOIDING PRECISELY THIS KIND OF CONFRONTATION THAT WE SEIZED THIS FACILITY IN THE FIRST PLACE

HHH. I KNOW YOU - YOU ARE THE GOVERNOR VANDERHECHT'S WIFE...
BRAVO, INQUISITOR. NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE, I SEE. PERHAPS YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THIS THEN. OUR LOSSES ARE EASILY REPLACED-
YO I HAVE ACHIEVED NOTHING TODAY
SOON WE SHALL ESTABLISH A BEACON TO CALL THE HIVE MIND TO US. AND, BY THEN WHETHER OR NOT THIS PLANET FALLS TO THE BLACK CRUSADE WILL BE IMMATERIAL-
THE HIVE WILL DEVOUR ALL, REGARDLESS
HHH. NOT IF I STOP YOU, FIRST.
OH? TELL ME THEN, INQUISITOR, DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN POSTPONE THIS PLANET'S ANNIHILATION, ARMED WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A POINTED STICK?
NO. BUT I CAN WITH THIS-
-A STANDARD ISSUE IMPERIAL HUNTING LANCE-
-WITH A SHAPED HEAD EXPLOSIVE CHARGE.
SPPLASH!
FFFFFFFFFFWHOOOOOSHH!!
NOOO--

"AND SO, IT IS YOUR TESTIMONY THAT INQUISITOR GRIMM WAS CORRECT IN HIS DECISION TO DESTROY SAFEHAVEN, SO AS TO CONTAIN THE GENESTEALER CONTAGION?"
"YES, INQUISITOR."
CLANG CLANG
CLANG! CLANG!
"I SEE. THEN, YOU ARE DISMISSED, UNLESS YOU HAVE MORE TO ADD."
"ONLY MY APOLOGIES FOR ANY OMMISSIONS OR LACK OF CLARITY IN MY REPORT. YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, INQUISITOR
-EVEN UNDER THE BEST OF CONDITIONS, THE READING OF LINGERING MEMORIES FROM THE BODIES OF THE DEAD IS A FAR FROM EXACT SCIENCE-
YOU AGREE, THEN? THE MATTER IS RESOLVED?
BUT SURELY THIS GRIMM WARRANTS CLOSER ATTENTION? THAT HE SURVIVED THE BLAST AT ALL STRETCHES CREDIBILITY
HMM. HE WOULD SEEM TO HAVE A DEVIL'S LUCK. BUT WITH THE APPROACH OF THE BLACK CRUSADE, WE HAVE MORE PRESSING CONCERNS AND BESIDES-
-WHEN THE ENEMY COMES, WE SHALL BE GLAD TO HAVE A MAN LIKE THAT ON OUR SIDE-
GRIMM
You ask me when this great and noble work of ours will be done? I tell you, it will have its end only when we have divided every sentient thing in this vast and wide cosmos into one of two separate and primary orders of being: the Righteous and the Dead.
attributed to the Lord Solar Macharius

TITAN
STORY: GORDON RENNIE
ART: ANTHONY WILLIAMS
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON
FROM ACROSS THE BATTLEFIELD, THE MEN OF THE EMPIRE COULD HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THEIR ENEMY-
THE EAGER TAIL-THUMPING OF THE STORMVERMIN REGIMENTS, THE SCREAMS OF THE SCAVENSLAVES, AS WHIP WIELDING OVERSEERS HERDED THEM INTO ROUGH FORMATION. THE SQUEALING CHANTS OF THE PLAGUE MONKS AS THEY WORKED THEMSELVES INTO A DISEASED BATTLE-FRENZY

THE HUMAN TROOPS HEARD ALL THIS, AND KNEW THEY WERE LISTENING TO THE SOUNDS OF THEIR OWN DOOM, FOR THEY FACED ONE OF THE LARGEST SCAVENHORDES EVER SEEN WITHIN THE BORDERS OF THE EMPIRE

AND THEN, FROM BEHIND THEIR OWN LINES, THEY HEARD ANOTHER SOUND.

IMPERIUS DICTATIO, ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL OF LEONARDO DI MARGLIANO'S LEGENDARY STEAM TANK INVENTIONS.
NOW, AS THE MIGHTY WAR-MACHINE RUMBLES FORWARD TOWARDS THE ENEMY, A ROAR GOES UP FROM THE EMPIRE TROOPS.
SIGMAR IS WITH THEM NOW, THEY FEEL...
...AND PERHAPS JUST PERHAPS THEY MAY YET LIVE TO SEE THE END OF THIS DAY
IN COMMAND OF THE EMPIRE'S MOST FEARED WEAPON, ***RITTERMEISTER ERVIN VON MEKATE*** OF THE IMPERIAL ARTILLERY SCHOOL.
FULL STEAM AHEAD! CLEAR A BREACH THROUGH THEM!

SIGMAR'S OATH! STEAM! GIVE ME MORE STEAM!
IN CHARGE OF THE WAR MACHINE'S COMPLEX AND UNPREDICTABLE WORKINGS, CHIEF ENGINEER DORN-
YOU HEARD THE RITTERMEISTER, LADS, SO DINNAE BE SHY WI' THE ELBOW GREASE BACK THERE!
JINGS! GONNAE BE A HELL O' A JOB TAE CLEAN AW THIS SKAVEN-MUCK OFFAE THE BODYWORK WHEN WE'RE DONE HERE!
THUNG
DWUMMM
SIGMAR'S TEETH, WHAT'S THAT-!?
DWAKK
SKAVEN SHARPSHOOTERS, BUT DINNAE WORRY, LADS...
YON RAT-BEASTIES HUNNAE INVENTED THE JEZZAIL SHOT YET THAT KIN PUT A HOLE IN THE DICTATIO'S HIDE!
SPING
SPLANG
TWOK

LOOK SHARP, SKAVEN DOOMWHEEL! READY TURRET CANNON AND FIRE WHEN READY!
TARGET WELL STRUCK!
RELOAD AND TRACK TWO QUARTERS TO STARBOARD, NEXT TARGET IN SIGHT...
KRUMPSH
ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE CANNONS AND THE CLANKING RUMBLE OF HIS VESSEL'S ENGINE, HEKATE HEARS THE TERRIFIED SQUEALS OF THE RAT-HORDE AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HE PERMITS HIMSELF THE LUXURY OF BELIEVING THAT THEY MIGHT ACTUALLY WIN
HIS CONFIDENCE LASTS AS LONG AS IT TAKES FOR HIM TO SEE THE CREATURE NOW FACING THEM.

VERMIN LORD DAEMON SERVANT OF THE HORNED RAT SUMMONED INTO BEING BY THE POWER OF THE SKAVEN GREY SEERS.

AGAINST IT, IMPERIUS DICTATIO, THE BRAINCHILD OF THE GREATEST HUMAN GENIUS THE OLD WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN, WHO DESIGNED HIS CREATION TO WITHSTAND THE HEAVIEST CANNON SHELLS AND ARTILLERY FIRE.

BUT NOT EVEN THE GREAT LEONARDO DI MARGLIANO COULD HAVE ANTICIPATED OF AN ENEMY LIKE *THIS*.

NO, NEVER ANYTHING LIKE THIS.
IT'S TEARING THROUGH THE HULL AS IF IT WERE PARCHMENT. *ABANDON VESSEL!* DORN, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO...
SKASH
AYE, BE WITH YE IN JUST A WEE TICK THERE, RITTERMEISTER.

DINNAE BE HANGIN' ABOOT, LADS. SHE'S FIXED TAE BLOW ANY SECOND THE NOO!
SSSKADOOOM!
AYE, THERE YE GO
WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE VERMIN LORD, THE REMNANTS OF THE ROUTING SKAVENHORDE ARE EASY PICKINGS FOR THE EMPIRE TROOPS..

..ALTHOUGH, FOR HEKATE AND HIS CREW, VICTORY HAS COME AT A HIGH PRICE.
.. SO MUCH FOR LEONARDO'S LEGACY... THE PRIDE OF THE EMPIRE REDUCED TO SO MUCH BROKEN SCRAPMETAL.
OCH, DINNAE WORRY. IT'S NAE AS BAD AS IT SEEMS.
I'LL SAY THIS FOR AULD LEONARDO... FOR A SISSY SASSENACH MANLING, HE KNEW A CANNY THING OR TWAE ABOOT ENGINEERING, AND HE BUILT YON STEAM TANKS TAE LAST.
THE DICTATIO, SHE'S BEEN IN WORSE BOTHER THAN THIS, AN I SHOULD KNOW, SEEIN' AS HOW I'VE BEEN HER ENGINEER FOR JUST ABOOT TH' LAST CENTURY OR SO..
NAW, A FEW MONTHS BACK IN THE WORKSHOP AN SHE'LL BE GOOD AS NEW AGAIN, AW READY TAE DO HER JOB AGAIN AN PUT THE FEAR O SIGMAR INTAE THE ENEMIES O' THE EMPIRE!
THE END

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